

The Frances Shimer Record

February, 1912

Mount Carroll, Illinois

Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO dollars for the purpose of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.

The Frances Shimer Record

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The Coal Shortage at Frances Shimer

Frances Shimer, the home of over a hundred girls and teachers for nine months out of each year, faced a grave situation about the middle of January because of the shortage of coal. The steam plant of the school consumes daily about four tons of coal; a large supply must necessarily be on hand. Immediately after school opened for the second semester a blizzard which was very general in its sweep, struck Mount

Carroll. As a result traffic was tied up for several days, not even a mail train passing through the town from Friday night until Monday morning, much less a freight train. This storm and its results delayed the arrival of the carload of coal intended for Frances Shimer. Just as the tracks were again nearly cleared and there was some hope of receiving coal, a second blizzard followed the first. Frances Shimer was in a serious condition. However, the First Baptist Church of Mount Carroll came to the rescue and generously offered its supply of coal to the school. This coal lasted until Monday, January 21, when a carload for Frances Shimer arrived at the station just in time.

During the period of coal shortage the temperature in the various rooms and corridors was lower than usual. However, there were no complaints; each girl took the situation as inevitable, and one to be borne as stoically and cheerfully as possible.

Ever since the Baptist church gave its coal to Frances Shimer its Sunday morning services have been held in the chapel of Metcalf Hall. As a result the people of Mount Carroll and the members of the school have been brought into closer relationship and co-operation. Frances Shimer appreciates the attitude and generosity of the townpeople toward the school during the coal shortage, and expresses its thanks to them. It was owing to their help that the school was able to keep running and thus retain its reputation for stability and reliability.

Some Good Work Done

As the house committee which has been at the head of the government of College Hall for the first semester goes out of office, we, in College, feel that a great amount of credit should go to Ruth Stellhorn, who has been the president of the Self-Government Association during the last semester. Through her conscientious efforts she has established a government which is respected by the entire hall.

At the beginning of the year the girls seemed to have very little regard for the Self-Government Association and its regulations. To remedy this Ruth thought it a good idea to treat violations of rules more seriously. The "indeterminate sentence" was employed, that is, the extension of punishment until a girl's actions showed that she really regretted the fact that she had broken a rule. This worked out very successfully. When the committee had been in office a month it began to feel that the girls were taking the matter of student government more seriously. Also, when girls did break rules, they frankly declared their offense to the house committee and took their punishment. These

results were accomplished without loss of good feeling between the house committee and the girls.

We all feel that Ruth is to be highly commended for her good work.

Success

Success is the favorable or prosperous termination of anything attempted. We as a student body have attempted to gain an education. But in the course of gaining our education there is a certain standard set up by the school that must be gained if we are to be counted successful students. We are very jubilant if we pass this standard and our work has the approval of our teachers and friends. But very often we forget that the person who has not passed this standard is a success because he has done the very best he could. All the success in the world is only contentment, the feeling that you have done what you could, and that you have done it in the best way you could.

New Occasions Breed New Poets

What is needed at Frances Shimer School
More than a nice big swimming-pool?
For exercise, grace, and all-around vim
Give us, oh, give us a dandy good swim.

Let not our cries fall on heedless ears;
We've needed a swimming-pool these many years;
For the long and the short, the fat and the slim,
All of us pine for a dandy good swim.

HELEN MOORE, College '18

It was two years since I'd been there,
At the Frances Shimer School,
So I went to pay a visit
And see the swimming-pool.

We went first to the new gymnasium
With halls so long and wide;
Locker-rooms and shower baths
Opening off on either side.

But my interest in these rooms was
Of very short duration,
For nearer and nearer drew my steps
To the pool—our destination.

Along the halls there echoed
 Girls' cries of every sort,
 Of unchecked mirth and fear and joy,
 As they enjoyed their favorite sport.

At last the vista opened
 Before our eager eyes;
 We saw the pool in glistening white.
 The sight was a glad surprise.

ELEANOR CURRIE, College '18

Said the swimmers in the pool
 To those looking for a school,
 "Oh, girls, don't look so sad,
 But come with us, be glad,
 To dear old Frances Shimer,
 You ne'er will find a finer.
 Oh, glorious swimming-pool!"

MARJORIE HENRY, College '18

We want a swimming-pool,
 We, the Frances Shimer School;
 We want a place where we can swim;
 We want a place to keep up our vim.
 So come and help us, if you please;
 It's your help we need, O you trustees!

JEANNETTE PATTERSON, College '18

One Day at a Country School

MARGUERITE HALL, College '19

Groups of care-free children came running and squealing over the top of the hill, just behind the little red-brick schoolhouse nestling in the grove of majestic pine trees in the valley. A tiny thread of smoke curled up from the chimney and announced that a thoughtful teacher (for there was no janitor in this school) had risen early that morning and hastened to school in order to have the huge old stove working splendidly by the time the twenty boys and girls stamped into the small room.

Miss Baker (for that was the teacher's name) finished writing the day's program on the blackboard and stepped to the window to see if any of the pupils were in sight. A very surprising sight greeted her.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

A small boy held the tiniest girl tightly under his left arm, while with the right hand he washed her face with snow.

"Oh, that Joe Parks is certainly the cross of my life. Why can't he pick on some one his own size instead of dear little Jane!"

Jane was the only beginner that year in the Stewart School. She was just five years old, a mere baby, too small to be handed a dinner-pail and sent out to fight her way against the winter gale. Her eyes, which were round and blue, looked almost black against the delicate pink velvet of her baby skin. Two mischievous dimples played about the corners of her mouth. So bewitching was she in her innocent baby manner that Miss Baker instantly took her into her heart and named her "My Rosebud."

In contrast to Jane was Joe Parks, the bully of the school. Like many such persons Joe was not attractive in any way; his face, speckled as a hen's egg, was always dirty; his cropped red hair stood up like bristles all over his head; but all these unkindnesses of nature might have been overlooked had it not been for the meanness which fairly flashed from his greenish-blue eyes.

As Miss Baker reached the door Jane ran into her arms, crying as if her heart would break. It took a few minutes to comfort her and to get her settled beside the big stove where she would get warm and dry. During that time the other children had settled themselves, ready and anxious for the next chapter of the interesting book Miss Baker was reading to them.

The morning dragged for the little school mistress. Again and again she was forced to speak to Joe, and her patience was nearing its limit of endurance. More than once she said to herself as she watched Joe's stubborn expression and the flashes of his eyes, "This day will never end without some real trouble. I can actually see the plotting in Joe's mind. If I could only win that boy's confidence and respect, maybe I could then turn his thoughts to other things than pranks!"

Noon came at last; the dinner-pails were quickly done justice to; everyone was bundled and ready for the hour out of doors. As they rushed out, carrying their skates over their shoulders, Miss Baker called, "Do be careful of the ice for you know that it is not all frozen solid."

A deep sigh was heaved as she walked to her desk. "At last I am alone. Oh, what a morning this has been! I am afraid of this afternoon, for I have a feeling that something is going to happen."

Scarcely had the words passed her lips when she was brought to the door by such screaming and shouting as she had never heard before.

"Joe fell in! Joe fell in! He'll drown! Help!! Oh—h—h! What shall we do?"

Without a moment's delay Miss Baker cut the bell rope and ran to the pond. She very quietly, but decidedly, told the children to go to the schoolhouse. She threw one end of the rope to Joe, who caught it firmly. Then the teacher and a boy (a large boy whom she had kept with her) pulled and pulled. It was no easy matter to pull a big twelve-year-old boy out of a pond.

Finally they succeeded, and Joe was half carried to the schoolhouse, where Miss Baker administered "first aid." Here it was learned that Joe, in an attempt to trip up another boy, had gone one stroke too far and had disappeared suddenly into the icy water. Miss Baker listened carefully, but said nothing, as that seemed to her to be the time to keep silence.

That night as the boys trudged home, talking over the events of the day, Joe surprised them with, "See here, Bill Jones, if you ever bother Miss Baker again I'll knock the stuffin' out'en yeh!"

The Morning after the Snowstorm

MARION E. LEBRON, College '19

The campus is covered with billows of white,
A wonder of wonders, done just in a night.
The fir trees stand stately against the white sky,
With boughs heavy laden, but heads lifted high.
The fountain, the sun dial, turrets and posts,
Are shrouded in whiteness like so many ghosts.
The thin little fruit trees, once leafless and dark,
Are decked in their laces and out for a lark.
Is this our old campus, or can it be true
The Snow King has traded our old for a new?

Frederick the Great

FRANCES ELIZABETH SUTTER, Academy '18

It was one of those glorious mornings that only the Gulf Coast can offer. A breeze, pungent with the flower scent of many gardens and salted by the softly rippling waves, brushed one's cheek with cool, slim fingers. The sun shone, as only a southern sun can shine, through a veil of blue chiffon sky. The most beautiful spot in the world, I call it, and so did "our hero," who is last but not least in my description.

Fred sat on the doorstep this morning feeling greatly abused. Mother was upstairs with that plaguey new baby. When the baby wasn't crying

it was sleeping. Mother seemed to have lost the power of speech except for two sentences: "Hush, hush, Frederick, baby is asleep!" or "Freddy, dear, please amuse the baby so he'll stop crying." It was to Fred more of a tragedy than ever *Macbeth* or *Othello* had seemed to Fred's father.

Fred squirmed 'round so that the sun shone on his back. His brow was deeply corrugated from too much doleful reflection. His freckled nose, which rose upward at an angle of 60 degrees, had taken on a saddened and chastened droop. He drew his breath in little, whistling gusts through the gap the absence of a front tooth had made. His mouth, which had lost the cupid's bow of babyhood, was a melancholy symbol of a broken heart. In fact, Fred was crushed. His thoughts ran in this wise:

"Guess Mothah's tiahed of me. Mothahs in India throw their babies to the 'gatahs. Ain't been any 'gatahs 'round heah foh a coupla yeahs, Daddy said. Maybe I could fin' one if I looked. What was it Daddy said 'bout those ladies? I can't membah, but I know they throwed theah child'en to the crock—crock—al—li—ga—tahs!" Having accomplished the almost unheard-of feat of saying a word of more than two syllables, Fred arose. For a moment he stood digging little wells in the flower-bed with his great toe, and then he walked slowly to the gate. From the house came a feeble wail and he could hear his mother's gently soothing voice. He gulped down a queer lump in his throat, and then padded down the road making funny "plop-plop" noises in the soft sand. He knew exactly where he was going. He had heard Daddy say many times that the marsh over by Bayliss' was a dangerous place. And "dangerous" to Fred spelled "alligators." So he fared bravely forth on his four-mile walk, a mite of a man, just turned six, with a noble mission. His thoughts turned homeward as he walked, and the little beads of perspiration stood out on the back of his well-baked neck. He reflected bitterly:

"Bet they fohgets my rabbits. I loved Jane-Ann mostest, but Hippity-Hop wiz the white paw was ve'y nice. Maybe Mothah'll forget me too. She most allus does now the new baby is heah. Daddy will be sorry—perhaps. I wish I didn' haf to die. But Daddy said the ladies in India throwed the babies they didn' like to the 'gatahs. Mothah is too busy wiz the new baby to frow me in so, I guess I'll frow myself."

Fred clung to many of his little baby-talk expressions, and when he was excited he forgot to say a great many things just the way he should. He was talking to himself now in a soft whisper.

"I guess I walked most a million miles. I'se moughty tiahed. Wish I didn' haf to die. If theah wasn't a new baby at ouah house I'd be back

home right now eatin' bread and sugah. Well, when I'm daid I won't want bread an' sugah. Li'l angel-boys don't eat nuthin'. They jus' plays on hahps. But I don't know how to play a hahp!"

The awful thought appalled him. He could not visualize himself, harp in hand, sitting on a clump of grass and playing Sunday-school hymns with a lot of angels. But in a flash of inspiration he decided that maybe the other angels would have been "throwed to the 'gatahs" too. "Maybe, if theah's lots of boy-angels that's been eaten by 'gatahs they won't care if one can't play the hahp."

He trudged along for some time, thinking deep, deep thoughts and picturing the manner in which his family would receive the news that their eldest had committed suicide. The sun was sinking lower and lower and behind him the tall pines stood out sharply black against the vivid, ever-changing sky. A few mosquitoes buzzed about Fred's ears; now and then a hammer-head whirred noisily above him. From a negro cabin the smoke of a smudge floated out to him, and the tantalizing odor of many things cooking accentuated the hunger he already felt. A fat little pickaninny ran laughing out of the house with a huge crust of bread. Fred sighed deeply and walked a little bit faster. The only sound he heard, save the buz-z-z-z-z of the mosquitoes, was the "plop-plop" of his tired, aching feet as they came heavily down on the sand.

The new baby was asleep, and Mother had slipped on the frilly pink dress with the ruffles that Fred and Daddy liked, and had even done her hair in frivolous little curls and fluffy waves. She bent for a moment over the bassinet where Fred's baby brother lay and looked at him in a sort of mild surprise. He lay there, long, curling lashes merely brushing his cheek, one dimpled fist thrown up beside the shell-pink ear, and three-cornered mouth open just a wee bit and forming an angelic smile.

"Oh you rogue," mused Mason's mother, "you can be so perfectly lovely—when you're asleep! My Freddy wasn't half as much bother as you are. Why, where is Freddy?"

She kissed one flower-cheek gently and then ran down the stairs and out upon the great front veranda. There was no Fred. She called him softly a couple of times, and then called again—louder. There was no answer, and she ran, frightened, through the house and out to the kitchen. Aunt Mandy sat placidly dozing in the last slanting rays of the sun. In response to her mistress' frantic query she grunted sleepily:

"Fred? No'm, ah ain' seen dat pestiferous chile nowhah's. He ain' been roun' heah since lunch-time, no ma'am."

"I will go look in the chicken house and the barn and you ring the alarm bell as loud as you can. I must find my Freddy!"

The alarm bell was a huge affair that Mr. Deming had purchased and put up on a post on the back porch. He hated to leave his wife alone on the plantation when he must make his daily trip to the saw-mill across the bayou. Mrs. Deming had laughed at the idea, but she was more than grateful for it now when she heard it peal forth its cry for help. A search of the chicken house and barn proved fruitless. With her field glass Mrs. Deming stood on the flat roof of the kitchen and looked up and down the long, evenly spaced rows of grapefruit. No gleam of bright blue overalls met her eye. Over the bayou she saw a skiff launched and rowed frantically toward her. In a minute or two more the men had landed and were running up the road, her husband in the lead on his bicycle. She went slowly down the ladder that Aunt Mandy held and advanced to meet them.

"Freddy's gone," she cried hysterically, "and I know it's all my fault."

She was almost too much excited to talk, but the tracks in the sand road spoke for themselves.

"I'll walk along and follow them; you bring the wagon, Jackson. Hitch up as fast as you can and *don't* go ahead of me." Mr. Deming stayed a moment to quiet his wife, and then started out to follow those little prints of Fred's bare feet.

Three-quarters of an hour later they found him. He had dropped exhausted by the roadside and lay sleeping in much the same position in which his immaculate brother lay at home. His big straw hat was tightly clutched in one moist, dirty hand. The other was flung up against his tear-streaked face as if it had fallen there in a feeble effort to keep the mosquitoes off. His mouth was a trifle open and the breath came in whistling gusts through the gap left by a missing tooth. His feet, streaked with briar scratches, were swollen, and he presented a perfect picture of misery. His father eyed him sternly for a minute and then pityingly smiled and lifted the unappreciated hero into the wagon.

Late that night, feet bandaged and rubbed with a cool, aromatic salve, and scrubbed until his skin shone like satin, Fred told Daddy his story.

"An' then," he finished up, "you came with yoah ole wagon an' I've got to do it all ovah again!"

"Not if I know anything about it, son! Your mother isn't an Indian, and she loves you quite as much as the new baby. Why, do you know, Fred," Daddy's voice sank to a confiding whisper, "I felt just the same way about you as you do about Mason. Yes, sir!"

Personal Impressions of Abraham Lincoln

Whenever I think of Abraham Lincoln I never imagine him as the president of the United States, nor do I picture him writing arithmetic on a shovel. I always think of him as the Illinois lawyer, tall, homely, and awkward, who took part in the Lincoln-Douglas debates. I think of Lincoln as a quiet, home-loving man, who made other people's sorrows his own. He had a sense of humor that didn't see the joke in misfortunes that came to other folk. Although he could entertain people very well and was sociable, I think that he rather liked to be alone and think at times. He disliked display and pomp, and I feel that the fame and distinction his part in the debates brought him was rather distasteful, but at the same time a little amusing, to him. Most of all I am impressed by Lincoln's great kindness and love toward other people.

CHARLOTTE GOWER, Academy '19

To my mind Lincoln is by far the greatest man in United States history. The fact that he had so few advantages when a boy, but was able, by his own struggles, to work his way to the top is one and the greatest reason why I admire his character. The fact, too, that it was he who freed the slaves makes him seem greater, of course. Many stories are told of his kindness and gentleness and his wisdom. I like his character, too, because he seems so unassuming and so straightforward.

MARGARET MCKEE, Academy '19

Abraham Lincoln has always seemed to me one of the most interesting men in history. He has a place in that charmed circle which I call "people I should like to have known." In the first place, the story of his life, just the bare outline of its events, is fascinating. I always see vivid pictures of the little log cabin, where he lived as a boy; his poverty, his struggles to learn to read and write, and his strength and ambition impress me deeply. Somehow I have always liked Lincoln the boy more than Lincoln the man, which is a view few people take of the subject. How he must have worked and suffered, struggled and dreamed, that tall, gaunt, gentle young giant with the kindly eyes! His gentleness and kindness, those are the qualities I admire most in Lincoln's character. His strength and power are worthy of praise, too, but I think that his life was as wonderful as it was because he was so mild and considerate of others. It would not have been unusual for a man in his position, fighting against strong opposition, against the sneers and scorn of thousands of people, to have grown harsh and somewhat cruel. But Lincoln's great heart made him always kind to everyone.

ELSIE SMITH, Academy '19

The Censor Asks Your Opinion

MARION E. LEBRON

Once upon a time, in the days of real sport at Frances Shimer—when girls wore pumps in winter and furs in summer—there spread over the campus a rather serious epidemic commonly known as “the crush-note plague.” Now this plague, as we have called it, had four very serious results: first, the poor little racks in Metcalf Hall were nearly dead with the soggy material they were forced to carry; secondly, the amount of money spent for notepaper was atrocious, and indeed fatal to a moderate allowance; thirdly, the moments wasted in writing notes, looking for notes, and answering notes actually consumed more time than all the other occupations of young ladyhood put together; lastly (and this is the evil which was of greatest concern), this plague was gradually producing a terrible effect upon the minds of the young people in question.

There is little harm in the usual note-writing habit. I am sure you will all agree with me in that, for really I cannot think of many instances when one would feel ill after writing a letter. Can you? At least we may truthfully say that bad after-effects are not felt very often. But, in the case of these slush notes (I do beg your pardon, I mispoke myself), crush notes, they were so soft and weak and silly that—oh, this is the tragic part of it—the minds of those dear little girls gradually became soft and weak and silly also.

Well, one day a great tall man, called the Dean, came walking down the corridor in Metcalf. First, he saw the poor little racks. Then he came to the waste-paper basket filled with half-used sheets of perfectly good stationery. Next he passed a girl who was facing the wall writing the words “My dearest lovey-dove” on a sheet of pink notepaper. To cap the climax there came down the corridor at that moment two young ladies arm in arm and head to head. They were so absorbed in each other that they did not even see the Dean.

The Dean was very grave. “This will never, never do,” he said almost aloud, and locking himself in his office he remained there in seclusion and thought for the rest of the day.

When he came out his face registered satisfaction, if not pleasure. He believed that he had found a cure. He summoned his board and laid the matter before it. Without doubt this was one of the most serious epidemics which had ever developed in the history of the institution. All the members agreed that the Dean’s plan was the best cure possible. They would hire a disinterested crush-note censor.

The day was dawning, fair and clear, as the new censor strolled on to the campus. He drew from his pocket a little red notebook wherein had been placed with great care, in the Dean's handwriting, all the duties of his new office. He walked directly into Metcalf and examined his surroundings. Then, as no one was yet astir, he ventured forth again to enjoy the crisp, bright February morning.

When he returned he found the hall already filled with giggling girls. He hastily laid his hat and coat in the office and took his station by the wall across from the bulletin board, preparatory to examining the contents of each crush note as it was placed on the rack. He fastened his eyes to that space and waited. Minutes passed—then hours. Finally the noon whistle awakened him to the fact that his morning had proved fruitless. Just as he turned to go into the office for his hat, he saw a huge pasteboard box standing on the floor close to the back of his chair. He stepped over to inspect it. There was a slit in the cover, and a long word printed in large, red letters on one side. "V-a-l-e-n-t-i-n-e-s," he spelled, and then he gave a long, loud laugh. It was plain that his duty was beside this box and not by the rack. How could he have forgotten that it was the fourteenth of February? He removed the lid. The box was already partly filled with a great variety of fancy envelopes. All thoughts of dinner vanished. He started to open the epistles, one by one, and his smile grew broader every moment. "Well, I swan!!" said he—then—in a minute—"Well—I *do* swan! This is no place for *me*. I never saw such soft stuff in all my born days. However, I must not fail the Dean so soon. I must do my day's work as long as it lasts."

All that afternoon notes came pouring in. All that afternoon the poor censor sat reading, discarding, and replacing. There were a few which he laid in a little pile at his feet, and each one caused him to shake his head gravely as he placed it there. Those were the "doubtful" ones.

Sad to relate, that poor man is still undecided whether to give them to their rightful owners or not. He has given up his position as censor now, but he still feels that it is a part of that day's work to decide about those five valentines. He brought them to my office the other day, but I certainly do not know what to do with them. "Why, how should I know?" I asked him. "How should *I* know anything about censoring?" But the man just gave me a sort of haunted look that went straight to my heart. "I'll do the best I can for you, old man," I said.

This one was handed to him by the school musician. It seems that perhaps for that reason we ought to let it pass but—well—I don't know. What do you think about it?

To My Love

Oh, Fatty dear, so lovely,
 I never, never knew
 That any one could ever
 Mean as much to me as you.
 I only fear that—oh—perhaps
 You do not care for me.
 An answer to that question, dear,
 Would set my worry free.
 You love me, don't you, darling?
 And you'll really be my own?
 Just let me know I'll never
 Have to eat my food alone.
 We'll always live together
 In a little house so fine.
 Oh, say it, won't you, darling?
 Say you'll be my valentine.

The following, he told me, was given to him by a light-haired Irish girl. She came smiling to him and, biting her finger the while, said, "Won't you *please* let this go through, Mr. Censor?" He said that she seemed so anxious about it he hoped I would consider the matter carefully before I decided.

To My Valentine

Here's to Holly, only you,
 Hair that's curled each morning new,
 But your equals they are few,
 Little girl.
 You're the best the country o'er,
 And with you I'll want no more.
 Can't you room up on my floor,
 Little girl?

The next he didn't say very much about. He said the girl had a rather boyish manner and that her hair was combed straight back. "She just tossed it to me," he said, "and mumbled something like, 'Go on and read it. Just see if I care!'"

My Valentine

I dream of you nights,
 And I think of you days.
 I picture your smiles
 And your most winning ways.
 The wink of your eye,
 E'en the jilt of your head,
 Keep coming before me
 In class and in bed.

My Jimps, I adore you.
 I love you so well
 That—oh, what's the use
 Of my trying to tell?
 I couldn't say more,
 If I tried for a year,
 Than just that I love you.
 Respondez—my dear?

I can't imagine who gave this next one. The ex-censor only remembers that she blushed.

My Mr Valentine

The first time I saw you I loved you,
 I loved—and am loving you still.
 I never have ceased in my loving,
 No, never, and I never will.
 But how about you, little girlie?
 Will you remain faithfully mine?
 Oh, no, I'm not doubting you, dearest,
 I'm proud of my wee Valentine.

This last one has "a strong pull" and it may have to be passed whether we like it or not. You know the Dean is very fond of his family, and it would be terrible if he should get provoked at us.

To My Valentine

My dear, I adore you!
 There's no one before you
 In my estimation.
 You stand at the head.
 I'm not just romancing,
 I'll lead you in dancing,
 I'll turn out your light
 When you're safely in bed.
 I'll buy you an apple
 Each morn after chapel,
 A nice, pretty red one
 With sweetness and shine.
 But this is my story:
 Until I am hoary
 I'll never cease loving you.
 Won't you be mine?

Now I don't know what to do with those things. I haven't the *slightest idea* what to do with them. I have taken the only broad and safe path I knew and submit them to public criticism. *You* are the public. *You* have read them. Think of the poor, worried censor and send him your opinions. Of course it is a good bit after Valentine's Day now. The longer these "crushes" have to wait for their missives

the more difficult it will be for the censor to "square" himself. Take up your pen and write to us today. Upon which, if any, would you place the stamp of approval, and why? Also, have you any suggestions for the handling of this terrible epidemic?

Sunday at Frances Shimer

Perhaps the best way to tell you about the way in which Sunday is spent at Frances Shimer School would be to take you with me in imagination wherever I go on some certain Sunday, and let you see for yourself. On Sunday mornings the breakfast hour is at eight o'clock, and so you and I will start to breakfast together at that time. If you get up at the last minute, as I usually do, we will probably *run* across the campus to breakfast. Otherwise we will join the throng of girls walking arm in arm, by two's and by three's, and we will have time to take a few delightful sniffs of the earthy freshness of this particular March morning. The rain of the past week has freshened up the whole world, and today it is warm and sunshiny. Soon the grass will be getting green, and the trees and vines will be shooting out tiny green sprouts. We go in to breakfast with a happy, cheered-up sort of feeling.

After a good breakfast perhaps we will stroll around outdoors for a while. Then we must go in and get ready for church. Our beds have to be made, our laundry picked up, and our rooms put into good order for the day. If we have had any sort of party the night before, our rooms will be a "mess," and the cleaning-up process will not be quite so simple as it sounds.

At half-past ten we are all ready for Sunday school, which will be held in the parlors of West and Hathaway. The Sunday-school classes are divided according to the school classes, so that the Seniors are all in one class, the Juniors in another, and so on. We will go into the Senior class.

After this meeting we will go with a nice "Sunday" feeling to the church service in the chapel in Metcalf. For several weeks the Baptist church has held all its services in our chapel, so that the extra fuel required to heat the church may be conserved. The Glee Club is going to sing this Sunday, and as we enter the room we see the girls who are in the Glee Club sitting up in front. The service is a good one and we enjoy the sermon very much.

After church we have a half-hour or more to ourselves, which we may spend in various ways. Perhaps we will write a letter or walk around the campus, but probably a group of us will gather in one room and just sit around and chat.

At a quarter past one we obey the summons of the dinner-bell most eagerly. The girls present quite a picture as they walk over to West, dressed in their light Sunday dresses of various dainty colors. Sunday dinner is the very nicest meal of the whole week, and we are sure to do full justice to Mary's culinary efforts to please us. In spite of war-time economy we leave the table with a pleasant remembrance of the ice-cream and cake which always end the meal.

Now we have a whole glorious afternoon to do just as we please in. What shall we do? Would you like to stay indoors and write or read? Surely not, on this beautiful day. Well then, shall we walk around on the campus for awhile? In a few more weeks we will be able to sit out on the lawn, but at present it is much too cool. We might go over to the library to return some books and magazines first. Then we can decide what to do on our way back.

Now that we are outdoors we will not want to go in again, for it is a perfectly beautiful day and there may never be another quite like this. Now that you and I have decided to take a walk, let's plan to go over to the Caroline Mark Home and visit for a few minutes. The little old ladies will enjoy seeing us, for it is still a little chilly for them to go out much and they do not have many visitors, although the Young Women's Christian Association has tried to have a few of the Frances Shimer girls go over every Sunday. We will go up to our rooms, put on our rubbers (to please Miss Sellers), perhaps stick some apples in our pockets, and start out. Going down the hall we converse genially with some of the other girls who are way at the other end of it. We are there-upon reminded by the proctor that the Quiet Hour bell has rung, and if we are intending to go out we must at least go with a semblance of quietness. We obey our dear proctor's wish and lower our voices somewhat.

Going across the campus we see groups of girls here and there. Some have spread a rug on the grass and are wearing sweaters to ward off the slight cold, but the sun is so bright that we do not see how they *can* be cold. The windows of Hathaway are nearly all open—a sure sign of the coming spring. Through the windows we see some girls who seem to be writing letters, to home, friends, and perhaps to “him.” A little farther on, on the steps of Hathaway, we see what appears to be a busy group, and we hear what sounds like a mixture of ukeleles, banjos, and voices—some in tune, but a great many out of tune.

We pass other girls who are going walking, but they are not going very far, for they are hatless. After a walk of a little over a mile we arrive at the Home. Miss Thurston greets us at the door and tells us how glad she is that we came. She makes us feel glad that we came, too.

We go into the living-room and talk with some of the ladies. Miss Jenks comes in later and recites some poetry to us. By this time it is about four o'clock, and so we will start back.

On the way once more, we walk slowly so that we can enjoy every moment to its fullest extent. The air is so fresh that it exhilarates us. When we get back we stop and chat with some of the Hathaway girls until almost tea time. We are not going to the dining-room this Sunday night. Instead, a few of us are going to have supper in our own hall. Soon we go to College, and after a nice supper we all sit around a grate fire. Although late March days may be quite warm, the evenings are still very cool.

At a quarter past seven we go to chapel for a short vesper service. Perhaps the Dean will lead the service, but, whoever leads, the service will be good.

After vesper there are again several things which we can do. We might go to Hathaway or West Hall and visit someone, or else we might go back to our grate fire. Let's do that tonight, for I know you would like it. We'll slip into our "kimmies" first. Now when we are all comfy with many cushions and a nice grate fire, some one or two of the girls will produce ukeleles. Let's sing all the old favorites tonight, shall we?

When we begin to get sleepy we will go quietly up to bed thinking that Sunday at Frances Shimer is indeed a very happy day.

News from Other Schools

FLORENCE SCHLIEKER
Academy '18

The longer we are in war the more the conditions of war seem to be impressed upon us. One cannot pick up a book or magazine without finding *some* reference to the war or to war work. So it is with our exchanges. The sketch "Peace" in the *College Greetings* gives us some idea of personal feeling of the war, while "The Youngest Soldier" in the *Ogontz Mosaic* gives us an insight into the life of a soldier. The soldier in the *Latin School Register* who wrote of his visit to Paris seemed to take a lighter view of life. His letter is very interesting, telling of his enjoyment at being able to visit Paris and to see the sights of which he had read. The *New Trier Echoes* tells us of the Sammy Fund, a fund which is used to send the *Echoes* to their soldiers and sailors. They are having military training instead of gymnasium, too. They also have a list of "Thrift Maxims" which are well worth reading and living up to.

The *Winchester High School Recorder* has a clever way of writing up its exchange department, which is more attractive than the usual way. We also gratefully acknowledge the *Young Eagle*, Santa Clara College; the *Triangle*, Emma Willard School; *Daily Northwestern*, Northwestern; the *Round Table*, Beloit College; the *Denisonian*, Denison College.

Japanese Letter

MONTE KARYL, IL,
Febary the Ateth.

DEARNESS OF FRIENDLY:—

I are still here. Have considerableness of not much to reconsider for your benefit. There are a prom. which occasioned joyfuls among youthful maidens. College sophs. have gave it. It were War prom. and cute progrums was cards with guilty edges and "Star Spangled Bunnars." Punches was handed out in the dining—"sally manjay." (You see I are learning to enunciate french tongue.) Much enjoyment is celebrated by each and all.

Then too against Sophomores have went and gave a play. It are also too very goodness. Cute little Sophomore childs such as Kitty and Maurine make adored small kids, boy and girl. It are all muchness of good and we like it.

Irishman, which are not superior to Japanese, talks one afternoon. He tell untruths about fairies which there isn't no such thing. He are very good talker and very interested to all.

Examinations, things which tell Universal men what you don't know, have come off. No one is died that has been reported to us. Great eventual in exam. week are reception of priviledged by Seniors. They are still using them (all exception of two) and I hopefully am that they will continuation to do so.

Everyone are buying thrift stamps and excusing the sugar whenever probably able to.

Hoping you are the same,

OWAYA KASIKA.

Events

Thrift Stamps

Frances Shimer has been introduced to Thrift Stamps, the purchase of which forms a new method of lending money in small sums to the United States government. In chapel the Dean showed us the two different kinds of stamps and explained their use. The first kind of stamp is green in color and about the same size as an ordinary stamp,

but more oblong in shape. Twenty-five cents will buy a stamp of this kind. To each individual who wishes one a sort of pocket containing a folded card is given. This card bears the owner's full name and address, and on it the twenty-five-cent green stamps are pasted as they are purchased. When the card is full, that is, when sixteen stamps, or four dollar's worth of them, have been pasted on it, the card is turned in to some authorized place, such as a bank. With the payment of from twelve to twenty-three cents additional (according to the month in which the card is turned in) the owner of the card receives a five-dollar stamp, which is blue in color and larger in size. The seventy-eight to eighty-seven cents extra paid by the government when it redeems the five-dollar stamp (which has been exchanged for four dollars' worth of twenty-five-cent stamps plus from twelve to twenty-three cents) is the interest which has accumulated at 4 per cent during the five years before the stamp can be redeemed.

After he had explained the thrift stamps to us, the Dean urged that we forego some of the pleasures of Katie's waffles and Charlie's sundaes and lend our money to the government. The girls of Frances Shimer seem to be very eager to take up the new scheme, some of them having already purchased the first stamp.

The College Sophomore Prom

The College Sophomore Prom, which was given on January 17, was one of the most enjoyable events of the season. The grand march began at the call of a bugle, and was led by the class counselor, Miss Hastings, and the class president, Irene Gunther. The programs were white cards, each bearing an engraved American flag. They were distributed by two charming little tots, Mildred Mershon and Clarence Schroepel, dressed as Little Miss Liberty and Uncle Sam. The only decorations were silk flags hung conspicuously in the ballroom and drawing-room, giving College Hall a very patriotic appearance. These simple decorations were a great saving of time and money, and proved that a large expenditure of either is not necessary for a good time. The music was furnished by a three-piece orchestra. Punch was served throughout the evening. At the close of the dance taps were sounded and all stood at attention while they sang the "Star Spangled Banner."

Sophomore Plays

The Sophomore Academy Class presented *Little Men* and *Little Women* Saturday, December 4. They took their parts very well for such young and inexperienced actors. *Little Men* was presented first.

It was in two acts and gave a brief sketch of some portions of the well-loved book. "Kitty" Conner as Teddy was a most adorable youngster, as was Maurine Hoffman as "Princess." In *Little Women* Electa Ballou as Jo acted splendidly, and Frances Black made a most appealing Beth. A novel idea was introduced into *Little Women*: instead of having Meg read the original contents of the "Pickwick Club" paper, suggestions were offered as to the conduct of some members of the school. Miss Bräunlich deserves much credit, as her faithful coaching made the success of the play possible.

Mr. Seumas MacManus

It was Friday afternoon of "exam week," and from the library and the study hall, where Miss Pierson and Miss Pollard were trying to conduct examinations, came the sound of the sighing victims and the scratching of pens on paper. But overhead furniture was being moved about, and when at last half-past three arrived we all hastened to the chapel where we spent a most enjoyable afternoon.

For Mr. Seumas MacManus, from Donegal, Ireland, was the recipient of our closest attention, and his interesting program of Irish fairy tales and folklore was indeed a rare treat. He told us of the "Shanachies," or Irish story-tellers, repeating several of the favorite stories of Ireland. One was of "The Coming of the Little People to Ireland"; another was about "Canel O'Donnell." Finally, bringing the program to a close, he told us several short, humorous sketches. The afternoon proved a delightful rest from examinations, and we all hope to have future opportunities of hearing Mr. MacManus tell other stories of Ireland and its people.

News Items

Quite a number of the Frances Shimer girls are buying Thrift Stamps. They not only are doing their bit for Uncle Sam in that way, but are saving their money and are becoming economical.

On Saturday, January 26, a "movie" was scheduled for the evening's entertainment, but, owing to a snowstorm, the film was unable to reach here. Miss Morrison was as disappointed as the girls, and so she kindly gave them permission to have an impromptu dance and basket-ball game. The evening's diversion proved to be a very successful substitute for the detained *Pride of the Clan*.

The French II class was entertained one afternoon by Theodore Miles. Mr. Miles has been in France, having enlisted in the French ambulance service last spring, and is now back with many interesting bits of information. He first spoke to the class in French, then resumed his native

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tongue and told them various incidents from his experiences in the war zone as they happened to occur to him. The class certainly appreciated the kindness of Mr. Miles.

The semester examinations were held on January 24, 25, and 26.

The Baptist church has lent its coal to the Frances Shimer School, and, too, a shipment of coal has been received.

Miss Knappenberger has resigned her position here in the home economics department to accept one in the same department of Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa. We regret her departure very much, as she endeared herself to all of us. In 1916-17 she was the beloved counselor of the Senior Class, and this year she devoted a great deal of her time to the Red Cross work of the School. All the West Hall girls who knew "Knappy" on duty will long remember her smile as she popped her head in the door, with "Well, how are my little friends tonight?"

Among the new pupils who entered for second-semester work are Hazel Pooley and Alberta Morrison, from Scales Mound; Dorothy Lange, from Eau Claire, Wisconsin; Ethel Eldredge, from Chicago; Lois Jones, from Streator; Blanche Skudera, from Oak Park; and Myrtle Alexander from Port Edwards, Wisconsin.

We welcome Miss Knight, who comes to us from the University of Chicago to take the position left vacant by Miss Knappenberger.

The Y. W. C. A. has organized a Junior Association for the younger girls of Frances Shimer, which will be conducted along the lines of the Junior Epworth Leagues and the Junior Christian Endeavor societies. The first meeting of the Junior Association was held Sunday afternoon, February 3, and the following officers were elected: Faith Reichelt, president; Harriet Wetzel, vice-president; Joyce Gardner, secretary; Catherine Conner, treasurer.

Mrs. Hattie LePelley, who contributed generously in the erection of Hathaway Hall in honor of her sister, recently added fifteen volumes to the library which she started for the use of Hathaway girls.

The Red Cross work of Frances Shimer is to be resumed. For some time it has been discontinued owing to examinations. Since we are now to start anew, we hope that all the girls will come and work with renewed vigor.

After much patient waiting the motion picture *The Pride of the Clan* arrived and was shown on Monday evening, January 28.

The Student Government Association of College Hall held a meeting on Monday evening, January 28, immediately after dinner. These officers were elected for the second semester: President, Dorothy

Miller; Vice-president, Ruth Chiverton; Secretary, Mae Tippet; Treasurer, Frances Stewart.

Wednesday afternoon, after the first examination, Miss Heuse entertained the girls of her college cooking classes in her room in West Hall. The guests spent a most restful time. Oh, such delicious refreshments as were served! Coffee, cookies, and loads of peanuts disappeared, we know not where.

Miss Bräunlich has been in the infirmary ever since Tuesday, February 12, with a slight touch of "la grippe." We have missed her sadly, and hope she will soon be out and at classes. Mrs. McKee has been taking some of her classes.

Class Notes

Seniors

The Seniors have their privileges! They received them the last day of exams and have been making use of them ever since. For the Seniors these are "the days of real sport!" (Warning: It's one thing to get them, another to keep them. Beware, O Seniors!)

Juniors

Two of our classmates, Marion Ross and Virginia Doschadis, have not returned for the second semester's work, but we are glad to say that we have added two new members, Ethel Eldredge and Dorothy Lange.

The one thing in which we can sympathize with the two sister-classes, Seniors and Academy Sophs, is play-practice, after having had three weeks' experience.

Sophomores

The Sophomore College Prom, January 19, was made as simple as possible this year in order to be in keeping with the war-time spirit. There have been no class spreads since vacation. We are preparing to give a play the latter part of April.

Vesper Notes

December 9.—Miss Schuster led vespers. She played some records on the victrola, and the "F. S. S." movies were shown.

December 16.—Dean McKee led vespers, reading selections from Riley.

January 20.—The Baptist church held its evening service in place of our vespers.

February 3.—Dean McKee spoke on "Food Conservation."

February 10.—Miss Dougherty led vespers. She read us the story of the writing of the national hymn, "America." Then she

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read us the "Star Spangled Banner," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

Y.W.C.A. Notes

One of the features of the Christmas celebration each year is the Christmas party given by the Y. W. C. A. on the Monday preceding vacation. Eleanor Currie, the president of the Association, gave a brief description of some of the old English customs of the season, after which a band of mummers were admitted singing the Christmas anthem "Adeste Fideles." The Christmas candles were then lighted, the holly was hung in the window, and the fagots were placed on the hearth, the significance of each custom being explained. The Yule log was then brought in and placed on the fire, while a page sang an old song in honor of the Yule log. Miss Brown read a Christmas story, and Miss Vivian Kier danced. Then the company gathered around the tree, decorated with lights and popcorn, while Santa Claus brought in his pack of stockings filled with popcorn and candy for each guest. The customary bundles were found under each tree, and caused an infinite amount of amusement as each wrapping was taken off and the inclosed gift revealed. There is perhaps no custom of the school that is looked back upon with greater pleasure than this annual celebration of Christmas by the Y. W. C. A.

The last Wednesday evening before Christmas vacation a pretty Christmas Y. W. C. A. service was held in chapel. Four tableaux were presented, showing some different scenes pertaining to the birth of Christ. The first was the annunciation to Mary by the angel. The second tableau showed the shepherds gazing at the bright star which pointed the way to the place of the Savior's birth. The third tableau was of the nativity of the Christ Child. An improvised manger covered with straw, beside which Mary and Joseph knelt, served to remind us of the beautiful story that is so familiar and yet always presents new charms to us. The fourth scene represented the Eastern kings in their magnificent robes coming to bring gifts to the Babe. Appropriate music accompanied the tableaux. Alma Fenske sang "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," and "He Shall Feed His Flock," "Holy Night, Silent Night," and the "Halleluja Chorus" from Handel's *Messiah* were among the selections given on the victrola. During each tableau the Scripture readings which described it were given.

No meetings were held for the first three weeks after vacation, because of the examinations, so that the first meeting of the new year was held January 30. The subject was "Friendship." The meeting

was led by Miss Richey. It was very inspiring, and we were very glad to get the leader's splendid ideas on the subject. The next two meetings, led by Eloise Jeffrey and Prudence McKenzie, dealt with war subjects.

Mrs. McKee, who has been the faculty advisor of the Y. W. C. A. for several years, resigned at the beginning of the new year. The Association will feel greatly the loss of her helpful advice and unfailing readiness to support it in any work which may present itself. She has been a diligent and self-sacrificing worker, and the success of the Y. W. C. A. in Frances Shimer has been largely due to her efforts.

Red Cross work will begin next Monday, and it is hoped that a great many girls will take advantage of this opportunity to serve their country in a very helpful way.

Diversions Club

Saturday, February 9, the school was entertained with a very good vaudeville program given by some members of the Diversion Club. The first number on the program was a group of songs, "Poor Butterfly," "I Don't Want to Get Well," "Babes in the Woods," and "An Old-Fashioned Wife." Then Conductor Tarrson let us look upon the people in his street car for a few moments. Some very clever types were represented. Our dear old friends "Viglet and Viblet" performed some of their hair-raising acrobatic tricks amidst great applause. While the curtain was still drawn we heard the familiar sounds of pushing and scraping and then—behold! we were in Miss Morrison's office, where many "hardened reprobates" came in and confessed their sins. "Miserable Misery" was presented by Esther Williams and Katherine Scoular alias Galli-Curci and Muratore. It brought down the house. The program was closed by a short song by Alma Fenske.

Books Received from Mr. and Mrs. Le Pelley

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Le Pelley have contributed the following books to the library of Hathaway Hall: *Royal Girls and Royal Court*, Sherwood, Barr; *A Thousand Miles up the Nile*, Edwards (2 vols.); *Over the Top*, Empey; *Domestic Matters of the American*, Trollope; *Letter and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln*; *Torchy*, Ford; *Lucile*, Owen Meredith; *Women and Men*, Higginson; *The Judgment House*, Parker; *Laddie*, Porter; *Dear Enemy*, Webster; *Signal Lights*, introduced by John H. Vincent; *The Spectator*, complete in one volume; *Seven Miles to Arden*, Ruth Sawyer; *Barnabette*, Helen R. Martin; *Vane of the Timberlands*, Harold Bindloss; *Janice Meredith*, Paul L. Ford; *Keeping Up With Lizzie*, Irving Batchel-

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ler; *Girl's Book of Famous Queens*, Lydia H. Farmer; *Degarmo's Wife*, David Graham Phillips; *The Taste of Apples*, Jennette Lee; *Young Girl's Wooing*, E. P. Roe; *The Deerslayer*, James Fenimore Cooper; *Iliad of Homer*, trans. by Alexander Pope; *After the Storm*, T. S. Arthur; *The Monuments and the Old Testament*, Ira M. Price; *A Message to Garcia*, Elbert Hubbard; *The Story of the Other Wise Man*, Henry van Dyke; *Making the Most of Life*, J. R. Miller; *The Three Fates*, F. Marion Crawford; *The Blood of the Nation*, David Starr Jordan; *New Hand Book of Familiar Quotations*, published by G. W. Dillingham; *Impressions of a Careless Traveler*, Lyman Abbott; *Jinrikisha Days in Japan*, E. R. Scirdmore; *Scenes from Every Land*, Gilbert H. Grosvenor; *Plutarch's Lives of Alexander the Great*, J. Caesar; *Greek Art*, T. W. Heermance; *Women of Belgium*, Charlotte Kellogg; *Rise and Progress of Greek and Roman Art*, descriptions by F. B. Tarbell; *The Century Magazine*, November to April, 1900 to 1901; *The Century Magazine*, May to October, 1901.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Wanted

A cure for blushing—Irene Gunther.

A person to take care of the money affairs of College Hall—Treasurer of House Committee.

Somebody to tune my banjo—Dorothy Lange.

A remedy for the epidemic called the "crush" rapidly spreading over F. S. S. All suggestions are gratefully received by the friends of

GUNNY AND OLIE

MARY AND FAT

ESTHER AND JIMPS

HOLLY AND PAT

MOLLY AND BETTY

MIDGE AND CHARLOTTE

LOIS AND JACK

A sanitary receptacle for my gum during study hours—Isabel Weisman.

A more stable equilibrium and a pair of shoes which render slipping impossible—Marion Richey.

Special bell to enable Parks and Kingsley to get up to breakfast.

Fighting spirit—Vera Naiden.

Volume of voice—Izzy Valentine.

More masculinity—Esther Williams.

Jimmy—Miss Hastings.

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen

The ideal of my dreams—Marion Richey.
 My man—Betty Bean.
 Our nickels for church collection—F. S. S. girls.
 A victrola—Room 131, College.
 A young and vigorous temper. Last seen in Hathaway Hall, February 11, 1918, at about 6:15 P.M.—Melissa Kingsley.
 Pep—Junior Class.
 Use of arm—Tubby.
 Immunity to colds—Whole school.
 Price of many banana splits (for Charlotte)—Midge.

Found

A kindred spirit—Jack Frost.
 Devotion—Faith Griffith.
 A kitten—The Juniors.
 The straight and narrow path by (most of) the people who went down town when they shouldn't.
 A new way to bisect the line AB : With A as a center draw an arc above and bellow—Clara Wenzler.

Personal

Owing to the stress of circumstances due to the war and high cost of living we find it necessary to conserve ink in the future by omitting the usual semester exams—The Faculty.

The Scattered Family

Helen Cribb, '11-'12, is serving as a Red Cross nurse.
 Miss Hobson spent the Christmas vacation with Miss Bowman in Evanston.
 Frances Schmidt, College '14-'15, is a Senior this year at Simmons College, Boston.
 The new address of Mrs. Ralph Lynch (Hazel Corper, '11) is 109 Roanoke Avenue, Peoria, Ill.
 Norma Jones, '08-'09, is teaching at Blackfoot, Idaho, and says she is enjoying the West immensely.
 Ruth Shannon, '16, and Celestine Dahmen, '16, are in the Chicago School of Expression and Dramatic Art.
 Aubrey Milton, '15-'16, is now Mrs. Frederick Melten, and lives at 540 Leavenworth Street, San Francisco.
 Ann Strehlow, '13-'14, is married to M. M. McIntyre, and her address is 501 Manzana de Gomez, Havana, Cuba.

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Dale Coshow, '16-'17, is attending the State Normal School at Washington, taking a course in Kindergarten music.

A letter from Mildred Johnson Wallelt, '16, of Muscatine, Iowa, says, "I added Wallelt to my name on November 17, 1917."

Dr. J. B. Schreiter, of Savanna, Ill., is in service with the American forces in France. Mrs. Schreiter was Bessie Beaver, '96.

Mrs. Cora Wishon Beadell, '86, has removed from Detroit, Mich., to Florida. Her permanent address is 230 13th Street, Miami.

Hazel Rollins, '10-'11, is now living at 146 South Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles. She has enjoyed a visit with Frances Roberts since going there.

Blanche Davis, '16, writes that she is now teaching her second term of school, but has not forgotten F. S. S. and hopes some day to get back to visit.

Ruth Shannon, '16, Chicago, attended the College Sophomore promenade in January. She was the week-end guest of Genevieve Jeffrey, '17.

Miss Edna Shelby, '16-'17, has entered on regular scholastic work at James Millikin University, Decatur. She is living with Helen Grossman, '16-'17.

The engagement is announced of Winifred Inglis, College '16, now a Senior at the University of Wisconsin, to Ralph Wesley Baumgartner, of Waterloo, Iowa.

At a Kappa Delta luncheon given recently at her home in Evanston, Ruth Earhart, College '10-'11, announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Couch, of Indianapolis.

A letter from Mrs. Lulu Rock Richardson, '90-'93, asking for a catalogue that she may interest girls in her neighborhood in the School, shows her continued interest in our work.

Theodore Miles, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Miles (Grace Coleman), has returned from France where he was serving in the Ambulance Corps, and has passed his examination for service in the Aviation department.

Gladys Angell, '16-'17, in renewing her *Record* subscription writes, "I am staying at home this year, but have wished many, many times that I was back at F. S. S. I am hoping to visit school a week-end before June."

During the Christmas vacation Miss Hastings, of the Faculty, and Ruth Hastings, '14, visited Doris Leach, '14, in Minneapolis. While there they met Vera Menielly, '14, Mary Joslin, '10-'11, and Helen Cribb, '11-'12, at a reunion luncheon.

Katherine Berkstresser, '15-'16, writes from Cedar Falls, Iowa, "My school year has been very pleasant and I like Teachers College better than ever. Often I talk with girls here of Frances Shimer, and it is highly regarded here as it is everywhere."

A pleasant letter accompanied the money for the subscription to the *Record* from Miss Virginia Dox, '79. She writes: "My address has been

changed from 195 Baker Street, Hartford, Conn., to 9 Olds Place. I shall always think of the work of your school with deep interest, for I spent many busy but happy years in dear old Mt. Carroll. I wish I were living in your midst."

After receiving the last issue of the *Record*, Beatrice Rosenberg, '16-'17, wrote a long letter telling of the work being done in their high school in Milwaukee to help win the war. She also says: "So many things in the *Record* reminded me of incidents that happened last year that I've been thinking of F. S. S. all day. I couldn't wait until I wrote and told you how much I enjoyed reading the *Record*. As soon as it comes I read every article, story, editorial, and joke in it. I never realized how good it was until I had no other means of finding out everything that was happening."

MARRIAGES

Mrs. Harriet H. French announces the marriage of her daughter Esther Mae, '15-'16, to Daniel Gregg. They will live at Deming, N. M.

Mr. and Mrs. John Crocker announce the marriage of their daughter Ruth Baird, '12-'15, to Lieutenant Joseph Henry Catlin on December 8, at Maroa.

Judge and Mrs. James Simpson Baume announce the marriage of their daughter Ruth Estey, '13, to Franklin Hird Stryker, lieutenant, 338th United States Field Artillery, on January 26.

The following *Record* subscriptions have been received from December 4 to February 15: Geraldine White, Bertha Bowman, Norma Jones, Melanie Weill, Belle Bement Edwards, Rose Demmon, Florence Engelbrecht, Mrs. Fred Smith, Mary Merritt Stratton, Dell Halderman, Kate Rosenstock Wiler, Emma Sweitzer, Gladys Angell, Beatrice Rosenberg, Delana Bailey, Marie Hofer, Mary Lois Travers, Mrs. C. E. Dinehart, Lulu Rock Richardson, Mrs. Gaston Boyd, Mrs. Priscilla Pollock Bell, Edna Howard, Jessie Miles Strickler, Ethel Ank, Mary Hunter, Cora Wishon Beadell, Margaret Powell, Ruth Foster, Mrs. Fred Colehour, Mildred Johnson Wallett, Ruth Petty, Ruth Earhart, Abbie Bosworth, Mrs. A. J. Sawyer.

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1884

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